



Tribune Junior Forum



Forum



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EDIE AND EDDIE'S HALLOWEEN.

Tribune Junior Forum

Published in the interest of boys and girls, to furnish information and amusement and to give them an opportunity to express themselves.

All contributions and letters should be addressed to the Editor of the Tribune Junior Forum, New-York Tribune, 154 Nassau Street.

SOUVENIRS AND A PARTY!

Every one will be invited and will get souvenirs if you send in your names and addresses. Oh, dear! We forgot to tell you to what you will be invited!

Well—here is the secret we spoke of last week: Next Sunday will be the anniversary of Edie's and Eddie's coming to the New-York Tribune Junior Forum! It will be about the fifty-second time that they and their friends have visited you. Think of that! So, for this reason Edie and Eddie are going to give a party on this page to celebrate the many new friendships and good times. If you send in your name they will send you an invitation written by themselves, with their pictures on it, and besides—this is the greatest surprise—they will give silver Tribune Pins to the first seventy-five children who write for invitations.

So hurry up, everybody, and send in your names for invitations. Address Edie and Eddie, Tribune Junior Forum, New-York Tribune, No. 154 Nassau Street, New York, and don't forget to send an extra two-cent stamp with each letter!

THE BIG OLD FACE.

By Jane Burr.

Once 'way up in a garden tree,
I saw the "worstest" head;
It just was grinning right at me
And laughed at what I said.
It had a mouth and nose and eyes,
All burning fire inside;
It looked so terrible and wise,
I thought it best to hide.
I was so scared I cried, "Oh, dear!"
And grabbed my papa's hand,
And then he took me right up near
So I could understand.
And, 'stead of scared, I laughed instead,
For there, where leaves were green,
Was Jack-o'-lantern's pumpkin head,
And it was Halloween!

A Heroic Act A True Story

By Freda Marshall (aged thirteen years.)

You have all read stories of brave firemen, policemen and soldiers, but now I am going to tell you about a brave little boy. He did not rescue people from fires, nor stop runaways, but I am sure you will agree with me that he is a hero in his own little five-year-old way.

While coming down the street recently I saw a crowd of little fellows, led by one little boy, putting stones and other things in a barrel. It appeared strange to me, so when I met Charles (for that is the little fellow's name) I asked him the cause of their strange actions, and then he told me his story.

Just as he came down to play he found his little friends engaged in the process of stoning a poor little helpless kitten. It was quite hard for Charles to check them in their apparent sport, but after getting injuries and a bruised leg in the attempt to help the kitten he finally persuaded them to stop.

Soon he was lecturing them on being kind to all feeble and helpless creatures. Then they forgot about wanting to stone the kitten, and Charles suggested a new game for them to play. Do you not think this can be justly termed a heroic act?

About Edward Lear.

(By request.)

Edward Lear was born in London in 1812 and died in 1888. He was an artist as well as a writer.

The "Book of Nonsense" (from which "The Owl and the Pussy Cat" was printed last week) was written to amuse the little Earl of Derby.

Besides the "Book of Nonsense" he wrote and illustrated many books and journals of ornithology and travel.

"Runcible" and other non-dictionary words were made up by the author to make the stories and poems even more nonsensical. "Twas brillig and the slithy toves" of Lewis Carroll illustrates the same desire on the part of an author to coin words of unmistakable attractiveness without any real meaning.



Edie and her elephant,
As Halloween drew near,
Invited all the Forum kids
To have a party here.

They came, each with a happy smile—
A funny costume, too—
And Ed. and Ede. could not tell which
Was what or what was who.



But when the masks were taken off
And each familiar face
Was recognized, their shouts of glee
And laughter filled the place.

They bobbed for apples in a tub
And had a lot of fun,
With games and tricks and nuts and cakes
And cream for every one.

And then they had a fine parade—
Oh, dear! that garden wall
Shuts out a lot, and now I fear
We cannot see them all.

LITTLE JACK INDIAN

TOO-WIT HELPS JACK.

By David M. Cory.

"Fishing, that's where I'm going!" exclaimed Little Jack Indian early one morning. "Where's my pole?"

Soon he found it stuck in a crotch of a tree where he had put it for safe-keeping. Then, throwing it over his shoulder, he started off for the lake.

His canoe was well up on the shore and he had to shove it some distance before it finally floated.

He glided away, his wet paddle glistening in the sun as he swept it swiftly through the water. When he reached the middle of the lake he laid aside his

At last Jack gave up in despair. "What shall I do?" he said to himself. "What shall I do?"

"Why, what's the matter, Jack?" With a flutter Too-Wit settled on the bow of the canoe.

"Oh, Too-Wit! Look at that Puma! He won't let me land, and I've left my bow and arrows on the beach, and I am helpless without them!"

"You just wait here," said Too-Wit, and away he flew. In a few minutes he returned with Jack's bow in his bill. Dropping it quickly in the boat, he flew back



paddle and commenced to fish. For a long time he didn't even get a bite, although he kept very still. Suddenly the pole dipped and, with a quick jerk, he landed a big perch. From that moment his luck was very good, and before a great while he had a dozen fish flopping about on the bottom of the boat!

HE STOPS FISHING.

It was now late in the afternoon and he paddled for the shore. As he neared the beach to his dismay he saw a large Puma lying in wait for him. Jack paused; he had only his fishing rod with him, as he had left his bow and arrows on land.

"What shall I do?" he said. "A fishing rod is a poor sort of a thing to fight a Puma with!"

He turned his canoe about and started for the other shore, but the Puma, as if aware of his intentions, followed him.

Every time Little Jack Indian tried to land Mr. Puma was there to receive him.

TOO-WIT PREPARES JACK.

With Too-Wit flying over him overhead, Jack paddled away toward the shore.

Sure enough, there was the Puma stealthily following along the beach, his eyes fixed on the canoe.

Nearer and nearer Jack approached, while the expectant beast crouched, waiting to spring upon the little Indian lad as soon as he should attempt to land.

But Jack had no intention of doing what Mr. Puma expected, he was going to fool Mr. Puma most beautifully.

Closer came the canoe, and he could almost see the cruel, hungry eyes of the crouching Puma. Closer still—and then

the paddle was quietly laid aside, and his trusty bow, with the sharpest arrow drawn far back, was raised gently above the edge of the canoe. Up a little more,

till Jack's eye, running along the slender shaft, could see the white spot just over the heart of the hungry animal.

Whizz-pink!! the Puma rolled over, howling in his death struggle.

Jack prudently waited until the quivering form lay quite still. When Too-Wit, who had flown ahead, assured him the beast was really dead Jack pulled his canoe up on the beach and ran over to look at his trophy.

"You bet he's dead!" said Jack, "but if you hadn't brought me my bow and arrows things would have been very, very different, you dear old Birdie!" and he stroked Too-Wit's feathered whiskers affectionately.

"Tut, tut, too-woot!" answered Too-Wit. "Who shot my enemy, the hawk?"

"All right," said Jack, "we're quits. I'll put this Puma in the canoe and push it out into the lake for the night. Tomorrow I'll come back to skin him, for his fur is very pretty and will make a nice coat for winter."

"Good night, Too-Wit," and Jack hurried off for his own tent by the big camp fire.

Puzzles

BURIED CITIES OF THE EMPIRE STATE.

1. In reply to your question about the alb, any priest may wear it.
2. Mounting that royal steed, he galloped away.
3. Have you never learned how to scan, Tony?
4. We knew York Minster was one of the handsomest cathedrals we had seen.
5. Have you met our local hero, Chester Upland?
6. The children were taking stones from the pile to build their playhouse.
7. The Continental soldiers wore cuffs and collars of buff along with their blue coats.
8. Pimlico hoes are the best to use.
9. At this brook Lynn's property ends.
10. When this door is shut I cannot open it.
11. She entered the room with a candle in her hand.
12. We stack the corn in great heaps in the corncrib.
13. Taking the helm, I ran the boat into the dock.

CHARADE.

Within my first the traveller takes his ease;
My second's "needed" daily by the cook
(Or 'tis a note within a music book)
My last's a time for fasting. Tell me, please,
You're not my whole, but busy as the bees.

BIBLICAL PUZZLES.

A.A.A.—The mountain on which Noah's ark rested.
A.A.—Abraham's wife.

Puzzle Answers

WORD SQUARES.
H A N D S T O P
A L O E T I M E
N O S E O M E N
D E E D P E N S

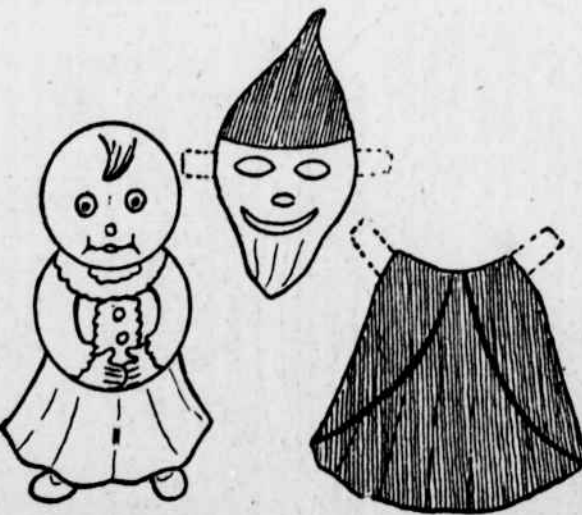
BEHEADINGS.

Letters removed spell "Kremlin."
K-new, R-ail, E-spy, M-aim, L-ate, I-sis, N-ice.

OUR LETTERS.

My Dear Edie! I like your new suit very much. I am quite sure you are the first elephant to become a paper doll. I wish I knew if Anastasia is choosing all these new clothes. If she is, please let her that she has very good taste. I must now say goodbye. Your loving friend,
EDITH H. WALTON (aged 10).
The Wyoming, 55th Street and Seventh Ave., New York City.

Dear Wilbur: This is the first time that I have ever written a letter to Edie or to Eddie, or even to George, and I hope Mary does not scratch you any more and



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WILBUR'S HALLOWEEN CLOTHES.

Cut out Wilbur and glue him on a piece of thin cardboard. Then cut out his hat and Halloween cloak and put them on him.

OUR FACTORY

ANOTHER TRICK AND A DOLL'S SINK.

Do you suppose you could make some of the dainty eggshell dishes that are so pretty when decorated? Here is a picture of an eggshell pitcher. It is really very attractive, but it is quite a bother to make.

In the first place, it is very troublesome to get an eggshell with just the top of the small end cut neatly off and the rest of the shell with no cracks in it.

If you can get this done for you by mother or the cook the rest is easy enough. Of course, you have to take a raw egg for this. It would never do to try the shell of your breakfast egg.

Glue the bottom end to a crinkled piece of tissue paper, so that the pitcher will stand. Now decorate with a handle and a nose made of paper. Stick these on

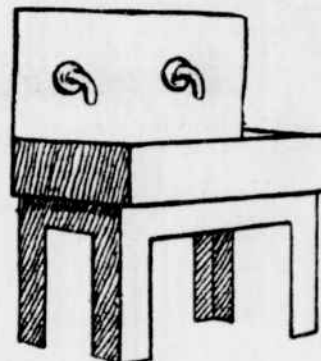


EGG SHELL PITCHER.

first things needed is an open plumbed sink of white enamel that can be kept spotlessly clean. In your doll's playhouse you will want such a sink, with shiny faucets, and you can make one from pasteboard boxes, like the one in the drawing.

The basin part is an upturned cover of a clean, white box. Against the back edge of this is fastened an upright piece of cardboard for the back, and into this are screwed two little brass screws, turned downward. If your doll is a magic doll, maybe she can turn on the water through these. If she is not, I am sure that, at least, she will admire their good looks.

The legs of the sink are made from a slightly smaller box. The bottom of this



A DOLL'S SINK.

box is stuck to the sink basin after the legs are neatly cut out.

Your little sink will stand firmly on its four legs and will be an ornament to your kitchen.

Alphabet of Tiny Tots.

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Timur in Teheran.
Looks very, very sad.
Perhaps he has to go to school
And knows that he's been bad
Schools aren't nice in Persia.
The floor's the only seat!
When boys are bad the teacher
whips
The soles of their poor feet!
Elizabeth Kirkman



Elizabeth Kirkman

Long long ago on Halloween
Old witches in peaked
hats
Flew all around on prancing
brooms
With people's pussy-cats!
Nurse says they don't come
any more.
But just in case they might
We're making sure our pussy-
cats
Are very safe to-night!